For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then yourhfull Aprill shall with all his showres.
In Summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

*Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.*

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.
*Lucius.* Oh noble father you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
*Titus.* Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you.
*Lucius*, My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.
*Titus.* Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
All boote lesse vnto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones,
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete,
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.



25 — or if they did marke,
They would not pitty me, yet pleade I must
And bootlesse vnto them.
26. — my sorrowes to the stones, —



A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawne?
*Lucius.* To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounst
My euerlasting doome of banishment.
*Titus.* O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceaue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

*Enter Marcus and Lauinia.*

*Marcus.* *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
*Titus.* Will it consume me? Let me see it then,
*Marc.* This was thy daughter,
*Titus.* Why *Marcus* so she is.
*Lucius.* Aye me, this obiect kils me.
*Titus.* Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camst,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:
In boote lesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.



16 thy aged eyes